L'ALLEGRO,

IL PENSEROSO,

ED

IL MODERATO.

In THREE PARTS.

Set to Muſick by Mr. *HANDEL.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

L'ALLEGRO,

IL PENSEROSO,

ED

IL MODERATO.

PART *the* FIRST.

A New CONCERTO for ſeveral Inſtruments.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd,*

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy!

Find out ſome uncouth Cell,
Where brooding Darkneſs ſpreads his jealous Wings,
And the Night-Raven ſings:
There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Hence! vain deluding Joys,
Dwell in ſome idle Brain,
And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams;
Or likeſt hovering Dreams,
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus'* Train.

AIR.

L'All. *Come, thou Goddeſs, fair and free,*
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne;
And by Men Heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus *at a Birth,*
With two Siſter-Graces more,
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus *bore.*

AIR.

Il Pen. *Come rather, Goddeſs, ſage and holy;*
Hail, divineſt Melancholy!

Whoſe

Whoſe Saintly Viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of Human Sight;
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta *long of Tore,*
To ſolitary Saturn *bore.*

AIR.

L'All. *Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee*
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's *Cheek,*
And love to live in Dimple ſleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jeſt, and youthful Jollity;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides;
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.

AIR.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantaſtick Toe.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Come, penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure;
All in a Robe of darkeſt Grain
Flowing with majeſtick Train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted State
With even Step, and muſing Gaite;
And Looks commercing with the Skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine Eyes:

CHORUS.

Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Hence loathed Melancholy!
In dark *Cimmerian* Deſart ever dwell.
But haſte thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet *Liberty*.

RECITATIVE.

And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved Pleaſures free:
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,
And ſinging, ſtartle the dull Night:
Then to come, in ſpite of Sorrow,
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. Firſt, and chief, on golden Wing,
The Cherub *Contemplation* bring;
And the mute *Silence* hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song;
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt Plight,
Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

AIR.

Sweet Bird, that ſhun'ſt the Noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, Chauntreſs, oft' the Woods among,
I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.
Or, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen,
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her higheſt Noon.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*
To listen how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouze the slumb'ring Morn,
From the Side of some hoar Hill,
Thro' the high Wood echoing shrill.

AIR.

Il Pen. *Ost' on a Plat of rising Ground,*
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd Shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen Roar:
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some still removed Place will fit,
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. If I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

AIR.

AIR.

Let me wander, not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
There the Plowman near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd Land;
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe;
And the Mower whets his Scythe;
And every Shepherd tells his Tale
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund Rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checquer'd Shade;

CHORUS.

And Young and Old come forth to play,
On a Sunſhine Holiday,
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the Day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.

The End of the Firſt Part.

PART *the* SECOND.

A New CONCERTO for ſeveral Inſtruments.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred;
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys!
O! let my Lamp, at midnight Hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tow'r,
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unſphere
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forſook
Her Manſion in this fleſhly Nook.

AIR.

AIR.

But O! ſad Virgin, that thy Power
Might raiſe Muſæus *from his Bower;*
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus *ſing*
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's *Cheek,*
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' ſee me in thy pale Career,
Till unwelcome Morn appear.

RECITATIVE.

L'All. Populous Cities pleaſe me then,
And the buſy Humm of Men.

CHORUS.

Populous Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy Humm of Men;
Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,
In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the Prize
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen *oft' appear*
In Saffron Robe, with Taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſque, and antique Pageantry;
Such Sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Il Pen. Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring Beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves:
There, in cloſe Covert, by ſome Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look,
AIR. *Hide me from Day's gariſh Eye,*
While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,
Which at her flow'ry Work doth ſing,
And the Waters murmuring,
With ſuch Concert as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious Dream
Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
Of lively Portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my Eyelids laid.

Then,

Then, as I wake, ſweet Muſick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to Mortal's Good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the Wood.

AIR.

L'All. *I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,*
If Johnſon's *learned Sock be on;*
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, *Fancy's Child*
Warble his native Wood-notes wild.

AIR.

L'All. *And ever againſt eating Cares,*
Lap me in ſoft Lydian *Airs:*
Sooth me with Immortal Verſe,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In Notes, with many a winding Bout
Of linked Sweetneſs long drawn out;
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,
The melting Voice through Mazes running,
Untwiſting all the Chains that tie
The hidden Soul of Harmony.

AIR.

AIR.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee I mean to live.*

CHORUS.

Theſe Delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, *with Thee we mean to live.*

RECITATIVE.

Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſter's Pale;
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillar's maſſy Proof;
And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious Light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthem clear;

SOLO.

And let their Sweetneſs through mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.

Theſe

These Pleasures, Melancholy, *give,*
And I with Thee will chuse to live.

CHORUS.

These Pleasures, Melancholy, *give,*
And we with Thee will chuse to live.

The End of the Second Part.

PART

IL MODERATO.

PART *the* THIRD.

A New CONCERTO on the Organ.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

HENCE! boaſt not, ye Profane,
Of vainly fancy'd, little taſted Pleaſure,
Purſu'd beyond all meaſure,
And by its own Exceſs transform'd to Pain.

AIR.

Come, with native Luſtre ſhine,
Moderation, *Grace Divine;*
Whom the wiſe God of Nature gave,
Mad Mortals from themſelves to ſave.

Keep,

Keep, as of old, the Midde-way,
Nor deeply ſad, nor idly gay;
But ſtill the ſame in Look and Gaite,
Eaſy, chearful, and ſedate.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

Sweet *Temp'rance* in thy Right-hand bear,
With her let roſy *Health* appear;
And in thy Left *Contentment* true,
Whom headlong *Paſſion* never knew.
Frugality by *Bounty*'s Side,
Faſt Friends, tho' oft as Foes bely'd;
Chaſte *Love*, by *Reaſon* led ſecure,
With Joys ſincere, and Pleaſures pure;
Happy Life, from Heav'n deſcending,
Crowds of ſmiling Years attending.

CHORUS.

All this Company ſerene,
Join to fill thy beauteous Train.

AIR.

Come, with gentle Hand reſtrain
Thoſe who fondly court their Bane;
One Extreme with Caution ſhunning,
To another blindly running.

Kindly teach, how bleſt are they
Who Nature's *equal Rules obey;*
Who ſafely ſteer two Rocks between,
And prudent keep the golden Mean.

RECITATIVE.

No more ſhort Life they then will ſpend,
In ſtraying farther from its End;
In frantick Mirth, and childiſh Play,
In Dance and Revels Night and Day;
Or elſe like lifeleſs Statues ſeeming,
Ever muſing, moping, dreaming.

AIR.

Each Action will derive new Grace
From Order, Meaſure, Time, and Place;
'Till Life, *the goodly Structure, riſe*
In due Proportion to the Skies.

L'Allegro *and* Penſeroſo.

As ſteals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the Shades away,

So

So Truth *does* Fancy's *Charm diſſolve,*
And riſing Reaſon *puts to flight*
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Reſtoring intellectual Day.

CHORUS.

Thy Pleaſures, Moderation, *give;*
In Them alone we truly live.

FINIS.